

## DOUX SOUVENIR.

The room was one of those harmonious little bowers often seen in these æsthetic days. Nora had fallen in love with the description of a violet bonnet, and when her taste was consulted about her own bonnet she unhesitatingly declared it should be hung and furnished in shades of purple from the deepest to the palest, and it was done.

On this afternoon her own dress harmonized with the room. Violet silk and velvet, trained over the purple carpet, and a band of sparkling amethyst violets bound her golden hair. Even the air was laden with faint fragrance of the fresh flowers.

Nora was seated at the piano playing, while Philip Leighton leaned his fair head against the dark damask of an easy chair, and listened with half closed eyes. His violin lay lovingly against his heart, and his long, slender "violin hand," still carefully held the bow.

"Play No. 1 of the Leiser," he said, as he paused, with a faint, inquiring chord. "The one which they call Sweet Remembrance." She shivered slightly, and opened her lips to refuse, then resolutely turning, she began to play. Philip's eyes were open now, and he watched her closely, as, with right shut mouth and sad, strained eyes, she played it through with rare feeling, but evident pain. Like a flash, there passed through his mind the thought of a cruel war driving before it two forms with faces he knew. As the last note died away Nora rose to pale and wan that Philip started to his feet, looking at her in surprise, but almost instantly her color returned, and she laughed lightly.

"Once read," he said quietly, as he rested himself in his purple chair, "a very strange story about every one having a key-note. A certain note in the scale dominated over them in some mysterious fashion, and every one who discovered this possessed a singular power over the person who responded to it. The story pretended that this was universal. I think it fanciful myself, though I have never tried to prove it. I am certain, however, that I have found a combination of sounds which has a strange effect upon you, Nora. Why do you never play that piece without evident suffering?"

Again a slight shudder passed over her; but after a moment's hesitation, she replied: "I do not know. That it is so true, and although I am unconscious of changing color, I know that too is so; for after playing it people have sometimes come up and offered me a fan or a cigarette, as if they thought me faint."

"What does it make you think of?" he asked.

"Of the wind. Whoever named it 'Doux Souvenir' must have had different ears from mine. It also makes me think of 'one's picture'."

"Representing—?"

"Two shadowy figures driven by the wind. Such sad, sad looks they turn one to the other, but sadness full of longing, lingering love."

"This time he, too, turned pale. He rose. 'My dear Nora,' he said, 'this is growing absurd. Absolutely I begin myself to shiver. Come, accompany me; let us play it together.'"

Complying at once, she went to the piano. Once or twice she raised her eyes to his face beseechingly, as if imploring him to stop; but he was mercifully determined to fight away this "something," and he held her to the very last. Softly, faintly, the murmuring wind-sounds died away, until they blended into silence; but as he turned to chide her playfully, her eyes looked dimly into his, then closed as she fainted in his arms.

Neither had noticed her father, who, drawn by the music, had been standing in the curtained doorway. He hurried in, as his daughter fell, and taking her somewhat abruptly from Philip's arms, said a word to him, and the young man retired. A moment after, Nora opened her eyes in vague wonder, and seeing her father's face, could recall nothing of what had passed. He gently explained.

"I was just going to call your mother," he added; "but since you are better—come, take a turn up and down with me; there now, your color is coming. Nora, I will take this opportunity to say that I do not wish you to see so much of Philip."

"Oh, papa, he had nothing to do with my fainting—nothing at all."

"Do you know," said her father slowly, "all the circumstances of Philip's life?"

"No," she answered frankly. "I do not. I only know there is something painful in his past about which no one speaks."

"It concerns a woman," began her father, and then he hesitated.

"Papa," said Nora, "if you wish to tell me anything, whatever it is, I will listen to it with the greatest interest. I am not afraid of anything. I am not afraid of anything."

"Ah, then," in a tone of relief, "you ought to know the story. Philip is married, and his wife is supposed to be living."

In spite of herself Nora shivered and turned pale.

"Well, when did this happen? Please tell me," she said as quietly as she could.

"It isn't a long story, and it's not a very romantic one. He was drawn into the thing when a college friend married his landlady's daughter privately, and six weeks after the man ran away with his most intimate friend. All this before his college course was ended. He took no steps to trace his wife, and there the matter rested."

"I am glad you told me this, papa," Nora said, simply. "One ought to be posted upon these matters."

Her manner then and after was so calm that he rather congratulated himself on his timely revelation. "I might have been too late," he said to himself.

Days passed. Philip did not appear. Then one day a package came to Nora, containing a very small copy of "Doux Souvenir," exquisitely bound in violet. From the pages dropped a note.

"Nora—I have seen your father, who tells me you now all this has brought me to a sense of my own peril, and I feel I do not meet you again. PHILIP."

Nora told herself she should not, would not care, and she forced herself to be brave; but she did care, for all that, and she laid away "Doux Souvenir" with a heavy heart, and never played it now. Still her life went on the same; and one evening she found herself in the artist's reception in company with some friends. Exquisitely dressed groups passed up and down before the beautiful pictures, the air was filled with sweet sounds and the scent of rare flowers, and Nora was almost forgetting to feel sad. There was a pause in the music, and her friends were chattering gaily around her, when softly, sweetly from an adjoining room came the sounds of "Doux Souvenir." Turning quickly, Nora met Philip's eyes.

He stepped forward. "I must speak to you this once," he said.

shadowy forms driven by a terrible, cruel wind and the low, sad, moaning of the song might have been the sound of its passing.

His sad eyes followed hers, his face, too, grew deathly white.

"I accept the portent," he sighed; "I take warning. Come away, Nora, come away. Oh, Nora!"

"No," she answered, dreamily, "I would rather stay."

"Nora," he pleaded, "won't you listen to me? I implore you, for my sake, if you will not for your own."

"I will not move," she whispered; "something holds me to the spot."

A look of torture passed over his face, followed by one of sudden relief, as a young artist passed close to him. "Ernest!" he said, addressing him, "quick! stop that music. I will explain later—only be quick!"

An exclamation of surprise and pain escaped the artist's lips; but the next moment he dashed forward, saying: "The lady has fainted! Here, this way, I will show you."

He threw wide a small door beside them, which had been concealed by a heavy curtain, and opened into a quiet room.

Philip carried in Nora and laid her on a lounge, while the other hastened to admit the air. Then while she lay restored, but white and still, too weak to open her eyes, she heard the stranger say, "Philip, old friend, forgive me if you can. I loved her; you did not."

Philip only answered, quietly, "Where is she now?"

"Dead," groaned the artist; "dead two months since. You never cared for her, and I would have given my life to save her. Do not excuse my sin. I only ask your pardon."

Nora opened her eyes to see Philip lay his hand in that of the man who had no heartily betrayed him.

"I forgive you now," she heard him say. "I once thought I never should. You painted the Francesca da Rimini?"

"Yes. You noticed the likeness? And did you read the repentance and misery that could not find such anguish?"

"No," he said, "I did not."

Nora rose. "Did you paint that lovely, beautiful picture?" she asked, turning to the artist.

He bowed.

"I can not think," she sighed, passing her hand over her brow, "how it is possible, but that is what has haunted me for years when I played 'Doux Souvenir,' until the notes have come to sound like storm winds and I could see so plainly those weary forms drifting hither and thither—no, ah! one was like you, only a shadow, and the other—"

"She is dead now," he said, hoarsely; "let her rest."

Nora turned gently and gave him her hand. "I am sorry for you," she said.

Then Philip drew her away. Without a word he took her back to her friends, made his adieu, and left. She did not see him again for months. Then one day, when she was in her violet room, he came.

"I want to try an experiment," he said, after greeting her. "Have you ever played 'Doux Souvenir' since that night?"

"Never," she replied.

"Do so now."

Nora shrank and shivered.

"I am certain the spell is gone," he said. "You have seen the picture in reality. You will not fear it now."

Then she obeyed. First came the hushed silence, next the sighing, tender song, then the wailing sadness of the closing phrase; but her face no longer paled, a bright flush covered her cheeks, perhaps because Philip's arm was held round her, while her happy head leaned on his breast.

## POKER SHARPS AT SEA.

Fleeing Unappetizing Travelers on the Ocean Steamships.

[New York Sun.]

A recent London cablegram in the Sun said there was a revival of the outcry against gambling on the Atlantic steamships, and many letters had been published giving instances of passengers being fleeced by card-sharps. It was also conjectured that some of the professional gamblers, having been starved out of this city, were plying their vocation on the steamers. These traveling sharpers are sometimes called ocean tramps.

They are confined to the main saloon, and are not allowed to go into the staterooms, where they are crossing the Atlantic before the poker sharps and the brace gamblers were driven out of their favorite dens up town by the police. Two of these sharpers are slender, bright-eyed girls, who are similar to the traveling in the summer season. Not long ago the writer saw them on board a fast steamer for one of their periodical round trips, and they appeared very pleasant to the eye. They were simply yet richly dressed in becoming traveling suits.

One of them had an alligator, tourist's bag slung over her shoulder, and the other, with a small bag and a cane, carried a pair of marine glasses. The small, snug gray hats that surmounted their pretty heads of neatly done-up hair, their close fitting jackets and strong yet shapely shoes all bespoke experienced travelers. As they stood at the steamer's rail watching the busy, jostling crowd they were the cynosure of all eyes.

They were not unattended. Looming up in the background with a bland face was the male guardian of the pretty pair. As the younger men who were going to be the fellow passengers eyed them with ill-concealed admiration the gray-mustached chaplain frowned in a manner that was discouraging to the most audacious.

As the reporter gazed at the picture he was startled by feeling a huge red hand upon his shoulder, and he saw a voice in his ear that sounded as if it came from the depths of the sea. It said:

"Well, old man."

Turning around, the reporter saw the round form of the jolly chief officer of the steamer, the flagship of the line.

"What, are you looking at those girls, eh?"

"Yes. I wonder who they are—English girls going home with papa after doing the States, I suppose; or, my be, they're Boston belles abandoning their cradle and barbarous native land. They're pretty girls, anyhow, and I feel jealous already of that gambler, round-shouldered dude who is making a go of the fair-haired one in spite of her father's scowl."

The jolly officer burst into a peal of laughter, which reached the ears of the beauties at the rail. They turned, looked at him, crimsoned with reserve, and then he left the rail to go below or get out of the way of the officer's eyes.

"English swells or Boston belles, eh? That's your reckoning of it, is it?" laughed the jolly man. "Why, my dear fellow, you're all wrong. These are the three cleverest swells that work the herring pond. I presume you've heard of the card sharps and confidence operators who spend their time during the summer months between New York and Liverpool fleecing their fellow passengers. Well, that's the slickest trio in the business. I've had 'em twice on this ship, and on the second voyage they got so deep into the pockets of two young Englishmen western bound that the skipper got 'thwart of their haul and confined them to their stateroom for the rest of the passage. You see, they book as father and two daughters, and as soon as the ship's in blue water they begin to throw out signals. First one and then another greenhorn runs alongside and makes fast. Then they sound him, if he is clever or on short allowance they sheer off and let him alone. But if he's what

you Yankees call well fixed, they make fast to him, first with him, drink fiz and brandy and soda with him, smoke cigarettes with him, and in due time play poker or nap, or baccarat with him. The poor dupe thinks they are too awfully nice for anything. All the other lady passengers are below, and the wind, and he thinks it a charming American characteristic, this freedom and audacity and good fellowship. The cover—that's the old sharp—he makes a pretense of shortening sail once in a while, but it's only a blink, my boy. Then the first thing you know, just as you make the lightship, Mr. Greenhorn is cleaned out of every shilling, and may have chucked in half a dozen checks or promissory notes besides."

"They're the hardest class of frauds to tackle, because no steeper likes to run afoul of lady passengers. Suppose he should make a mistake and get into a bad way, the worst fault is that she is a little gay, to keep to her stateroom, as he can, under British law? Why, she might make it as hot as action would be false imprisonment of the worst kind."

"My old man took his chances, though, and the damsel will give our line a wide berth when they are operating in future. Some of the agents have blacklisted a lot of the most noted of these rogues, but new ones appear every now and then, and as long as there are good ones there will be foxes. I assume almost impossible to keep the poker sharps off the ocean steamers, but we do our best to keep our patrons from being swindled, even at the risk of taboos the wrong person."

## A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT.

Evangelist Varley on St. Louis.

The London Christian prints the following letter from Henry Varley, the evangelist, St. Louis, December 13, 1884:

"This great city is one of Satan's seats. Containing nearly 500,000 souls, I should say it is one of the most godless upon the face of the earth. The capital of a slave State, and not very far from the free States, you can understand what a demoralizing influence slavery had in the past, and how its legacy of wickedness still marks its population. The original population was mainly of French extraction; their influence still holds, and certainly not in the direction of righteousness. This influence has declined, and the predominant force now is American. For enterprise, public spirit and go, the city is noted and well circumscribed. I think no less than fifteen or sixteen lines of railway come to this city, and about 11,000 men alone are employed in the huge traffic. We had dinner the other evening with a Mr. Tate, who is the official head of the Washburn system of railways. He told me that they represented 55,000 miles of railway and a capital of \$125,000,000. There is great wealth in the city, but also terrible poverty and commercial depression."

"There is a vast German element in the population, mainly either of the old or materialistic; where any religion exists it is cold Lutheranism. Next comes an immense negro element, ignorant, immoral, and with a desperate desire for independence, which simple train declares to be idleness in most cases. There is a large Irish contingent of the ordinary kind. You can understand how little homogeneity exists, and what queer elements are bound together."

"Enormous quantities of whiskey are drunk here, and every form of gambling, licentiousness and intemperance is rife. In the city prison, the other day, I passed by twenty-one murderers in their cells, all of whom were awaiting trial, whilst a few months since no less than twenty-nine were there. Human life has little sacredness here, and crime abounds. The daily papers literally teem with the fearful details, and sensational headings like the columns. The principal papers are published on Sundays, giving twenty pages, nearly all of them devoted to the massive steel bridges spanning the Mississippi; the Postoffice and Custom house, built at a cost of \$4,000,000; the Exposition building, just about completed; the Mercantile Exchange, the Southern Hotel, one of the finest in the world, huge piles of business men, warehouses, shops and stores, with miles of splendid houses, very expensive and elegantly furnished. Everything seems to indicate unrest, and such a lack of stability is there that I have been informed that not more than 5 per cent. of the business men have escaped failure during the past twenty years."

"The churches are substantial, and some of them very costly, but the spiritual life is dwarfed and poor. The externalism of Christianity abounds, but the condition of things spiritually is simply appalling. The world has come to regard religion as a mere degree that conversion to God is no longer the real test in regard to membership. Respectability in the eyes of men is the password now. The word of God has little or no study; the preaching is shallow, and the religious life is a barren, sterile, and cold. The masses of the people are utterly indifferent to the claims of God, and the Gospel of Christ is despised."

"This is no exaggerated picture. Coldness meets you at every turn, and the want of interest amongst even professing Christians is oppressive beyond measure. Were it not for faith in God and the solemn testimony that such conditions of abounding wickedness would precede the great and terrible day of the Lord, who shall come in flaming fire with the angels of his might, making vengeance of his wrath against all ungodly, I should have been driven to despair. I am not God, and I obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. (2 Thess. i. 7-8). I am would indeed be discouraged. I am greatly helped by the faithfulness and fervent prayer of Rev. Dr. Brooks. He is indeed a man of God, and his words are a comfort and a strength to the soul. He has been greatly owned of our Lord. We continue instant in prayer, and now, after three weeks' incessant work, there is a little movement, mainly amongst Christians. Many tell me how they have been restored, confirmed, revived and established in their holy faith. Others have been brought to decision, but the great majority are resisting the truth, hardening their hearts and insulting the Spirit of Grace."

"We recently had a day of special waiting upon God. This has proved a great blessing, and we go on encouraged; but the devil is just now very busy, which I interpret as an omen for good. We shall continue the fight until the end of the year, though Christmas is an undesirable break in our work. I sometimes think the Lord may be trying our faith

in this stronghold of evil, and that He intends a great work. Time will show. I can not speak with strong confidence. Such is the fearful power of sin and unbelief that even our Lord is written of one place He visited. 'He could not there do many mighty works because of their unbelief.'"

If the fences have not been repaired the work should be done at once, as the busy season is fast approaching.

Mr. William Vint, 21 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, Australia, testifies to the astonishing cure of his dislocated finger by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the wonderful pain-reliever.

Although pears on apple roots will grow and be of a dwarfish habit and bear a few years, they are short-lived. It will not pay in the end to graft on apple roots. Bad or graft on pear stocks for standards and on quince quince for dwarf.

## What It Does.

Almost every lady habitually uses some kind of hair dressing. It is a toilet necessity. Parker's Hair Balsam is the best, because it gives gloss and softness, arrests falling out, does not soil the most delicate fabric, is deliciously perfumed, cools the head, eradicates dandruff and promotes a luxuriant growth.

A good Vermont farmer obtains his best crops of spring grain by sowing the seed, both rye and wheat, the last thing in the fall before the ground freezes up. He has practiced seedling to grass at the same time with excellent result.

Alderman Donnelly is one of the most highly-esteemed citizens of Lancaster, Pa. He tells of what Mishler's Hair Dye did for him. "For some months past I had been very much afflicted with cramp in my legs; none of the remedies that I had tried afforded me any relief until your bitters was recommended. I can honestly say that from the time I began its use the pain gradually wore off, and now after having used three bottles, I am free from all cramps and pains whatever."

In the dairy regions of the West the Holsteins are gradually superseding all other classes for the purposes of those dairymen who make a business of selling milk only.

## Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1881 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had."

H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURNHAM, Buffalo, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

Hood's Sarsaparilla comes up my system, purifies the blood, and drives out all impurities to make the body. J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold. J. B. HARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Cents One Dollar.

HUDSON RIVER R. R. Conductor Melius Says Something of Interest to All Travelers.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1885. DR. D. KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y.: DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, called DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, to which I was subject at times, and know from experience that it is worthy of all the praise that is given it for its cures of that kind. Respectfully, W. S. MELIUS, of Harrison Street.

DR. D. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY is extensively used along the line of the Hudson River Railroad, is shown by the following from Tarrytown. The writer is none other than Mr. Devereux, the Station Agent of the Hudson River Railroad Company at Tarrytown, a man well known to that community.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1885. DR. D. KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y.: DEAR SIR—For a long time I was troubled with severe attacks of Dizziness and Blind Sickness. I thought it was due to impure blood and a general debility of the system, and was advised to try FAVORITE REMEDY. I did so, and have been completely cured. It's the best thing I ever heard of for any disorder of the nature, and I've recommended it to many with like success.

A. DEVEREUX, DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY is not only a cure of diseases to the State or locality, but is hailed as a boon by hundreds in every State, as the following letter from Millville, N. J., will show:

MILLVILLE, N. J. DR. D. KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y.: DEAR SIR—I had been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for some time. I was six weeks in bed, and could not eat, and was very weak. I had no relief, therefore had almost given up in despair of ever recovering my health when DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY was recommended, which I tried, and have been cured. It's the best medicine I ever knew of, and worthy of the greatest confidence. MRS. S. C. DOUGHERTY.

## MALARIA.

as an anti-malaria medicine. DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

has won golden opinions. No traveler should consider his outfit complete unless it includes a bottle of this medicine. If you are exposed to frequent changes of climate, food and water, Favorite Remedy should always be within your reach. It expels malarial poisons from the system, and cures malarial fever in the world. It is especially useful as a trustworthy specific for the cure of Malaria and Liver complaint, constipation and indigestion arising from an impure state of the blood. To women who suffer from any of its peculiarities, its use is recommended. Favorite Remedy is constantly proving itself an unfailing friend—a real blessing. Address the proprietor, Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. a bottle, 50¢; 6 by all druggists.

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DR. WARD & CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.



The Supreme Bench. ATANTA, Sept. 22, 1884.—From experience I think S. S. S. a very valuable remedy for cutaneous diseases, and at the same time an invigorating tonic. JAMES JACKSON, Chief Justice of Georgia.

AN AGED BAPTIST MINISTER. Two More Important Cases.

You might be in Columbus, Ga., a few days ago, and meeting the venerable brother J. H. Campbell, we asked him for the news. His reply was: "I have two more important cases collected by Swift's Specific to report." This venerable man is known far and wide for his unremitting labors of love in behalf of the poor of his country. It will be remembered that the Swift Specific Co. has donated quite an amount of their famous medicine, to be distributed by Mr. Campbell among the poor of the city; hence his remarks. He said:

"I have just seen a lady who has been greatly annoyed by a fever in one of her hands. It had given her much trouble and pain. She said she had been treated by several physicians during the past three or four years with the old remedies, but without giving any relief. I suggested Swift's Specific, and she took four bottles and is now apparently perfectly well. Her hand is smooth and not a single sign of the disease left. It is marvellous how this medicine removes the system."

"What about the other case?"

"Well, that was a lady also. She had been afflicted with the eczema for four years. Her face, hands and arms, as well as her body, was covered over with sores and scabs. It was one of the worst cases of this terrible disease that I have ever seen. The suffering of the poor creature was beyond expression. She tried every remedy at command, but without giving any relief. There is nothing more to tell. There is nothing so good to say about Swift's Specific."

"Mr. Campbell, you have had a long and varied experience in medicine, with men and observing their afflictions and the remedies used—what is your opinion as to the merits of Swift's Specific?"

"I have used it for many years, and have observed with every class of society, and have observed closely the variety of diseases which afflict humanity. Eczema diseases are the most numerous and the most difficult to remove. It is my deliberate judgment that Swift's Specific is the grandest blood purifier ever discovered. There is nothing comparable to it. There is nothing so good to say about Swift's Specific."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ALLEN, GA.

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In the late campaign, as in former ones, the SENTINEL'S aid has been heard in the field. We stood shoulder to shoulder, as brothers, in the conflict; we now ask your hand for the coming year to be devoted to the arts of peace and patronage the SENTINEL will be better enabled than ever to give us.

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and will be devoted to and represent Indiana's literature, politics, and social as well as foreign paper will or can do. Will you not bear this in mind when you come to take subscriptions and make up clubs?